

Featuring BLUE BOLT

DECEMBER

# BLUE BOLT

BLUE  
BOLT

10¢



VOL. 5 NO. 3

TOM  
TILL







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# BLUE BOLT FLASHES

## The Editors Write:

Hi—

We don't mean to rub it in but you've been back at school for nearly a month so you should be used to it by now. No doubt vacation thoughts still linger in your memory, and the old swimming hole sets you to day-dreaming. Better snap out of it, though. It's important that you do, for sticking to your studies and getting the best marks possible is a mighty important job; and one that only YOU can do.

You probably envy the older fellows and fancy yourself with a Garand across your shoulder or doing a day's work replacing someone in service, but that really isn't your job. Not yet, anyway, for this education that some short-sighted fellows resist so forcefully is the one important item in your life right now. Those who are capable are doing the fighting, and there are still enough workers in industry to leave the studying up to you at home who have not finished High School. It's your war job. May not be fun but then what they're doing on fighting fronts all over the world isn't fun either. So dig in and get to work and show them over there what a swell job you can do when you honestly want to.

Give this school proposition real thought, though, and you'll realize how vital it is for you to plug away right here at home and stock up on that special brand of knowledge, which will go a long way in straightening out this tipsy world after the war is won.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

## The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I have read your comic for about a year and think it's the best comic I've ever read. I really don't see how anyone could make a complaint. You must have a very fine staff of writers and artists, for I don't know of any other comic that is better than BLUE BOLT.

I sell my old comic books and buy War Stamps.

Yours truly,  
Majorie West  
West Orange, N. J.

*Naturally we agree wholeheartedly! Thanks for the orchids, Majorie.*

Dear Editors:

In your last issue you received a letter from a boy in which he states that a girl would wreck BLUE BOLT and if we don't like it, it's tough. Sirs, would you please tell what per cent of your readers are girls. I think he's very rude and he'll soon find out that we don't like boys who aren't gentlemen. I think it only fair that we be allowed to defend ourselves.

I like every character in BLUE BOLT COMICS even without girls and I like Dick Cole best. As I remember, Dick has a girl friend, doesn't he?

Yours truly,  
Joan Dillen  
Chicago, Ill.

*That's certainly telling him, Joan. You get across the idea that "he just ain't got no manners."*

Dear Editors:

I just finished the latest issue of BLUE BOLT and I think it's swell except for Edison Bell. I agree with Ronald Boeli that Edison Bell has too many big ideas. He should get into trouble like other boys his age.

My two favorites are Dick Cole and Blue Bolt. I wish too that you would put more Blue Bolts and Nuts in. I think there should be two pages instead of one.

I'm buying War Stamps to help win the war for I feel that everyone should try to help the war effort in some way.

Yours truly,  
Audrey Teitelbaum  
Fair Lawn, N. J.

*We'll have to look into this Edison Bell business, Audrey, for some other readers have the same ideas on the subject that you have.*

Dear Editors:

I have been reading and enjoying BLUE BOLT COMICS for a period of at least two years. When I finish reading it I send it to my brother who is serving in the Army in Ireland. I would like to have you know what he truthfully wrote to me.

"The little Irish boys and girls read BLUE BOLT COMICS after I am finished, and boy, do they get a kick out of Krisko & Jasper. Please continue sending BLUE BOLT."

I wanted you to know that American boys and girls are not the only ones who enjoy BLUE BOLT COMICS, but also other children in far off lands.

Sincerely,  
Scotty Sinclair  
Worcester, Mass.

*Thanks a lot for your letter, Scotty. We got quite a kick out of the fact that BLUE BOLT has found its way to Ireland.*

Dear Editors:

I would like to take this method of congratulating you and your staff for such wonderful comics. They are really popular with the G.I.'s here. After all, the three greatest morale builders are: music, reading and letters from home—which mean more than anything!

I'm from Texas and have been in the Navy six months, and have enjoyed every moment of it. It's a wonderful experience for anyone. I wouldn't take anything for it.

I think Dick Cole and Blue Bolt are tops. In fact, I think your magazine is tops. The stories aren't so boring and silly as others that I have read.

Yours truly,  
Chas. Pierce  
Treasure Island, Calif.

*Another verbal pat on the back for BLUE BOLT which we couldn't resist printing. Thanks for your interest, Charles.*

Dear Editors:

I have just read my first issue of BLUE BOLT. I think it is very good. My favorite is Krisko and Jasper. My second choice is Edison Bell.

Yours truly,  
Hank Jewell III  
Alexandria, Va.

*Welcome to our ranks, Hank. Hope you continue to like BLUE BOLT.*

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 111 W. 19th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

A 25c War Stamp will be sent if a portion of a letter is used.



# DICK COLE



THE WILCOXES

JERRY, KEEP THIS A SECRET.... THERE IS...  
\$2000 IN THE SCHOOL SAFE!  
YEAH, THE PRIZES AT THE HALLOWEEN  
PARTY TO NIGHT ARE TO BE SILVER DOLLARS.  
\$300 FIRST PRIZE. WINNERS BUY  
WAR BONDS.

WHAT!

GEE,  
HONEST? BUT...  
WHERE'D THE MONEY COME FROM?

ARTIE MEAD,  
JUNIOR STUDENT AT  
FARR MILITARY ACADEMY  
POSSESSED A VIVID IMAGINATION.  
OUR STORY OPENS IN THE HOPETON  
SWEET SHOPPE, WHERE, OVER A  
SODA WITH A FELLOW STUDENT,  
ARTIE'S IMAGINATION IS GOING  
FULL BLAST..... IN THE NEXT  
BOOTH, TWO MEN LISTEN  
ATTENTIVELY.



RED  
FORD'S  
FATHER DONATED IT.  
BUT KEEP IT MUM, KID!

YOU  
BET!  
COME ON.  
LET'S GET  
BACK AND  
CHECK OUR  
COSTUMES.



HOW D'YAH LIKE DAT,  
LUMPY! 2000 BUCKS  
IN WOT'S PROBL'Y  
A TIN  
CAN SAFE  
CHEE!

WE'RE GOIN' TO THAT  
HALLOWEEN PARTY AT  
FARR M.A. TO-  
NIGHT, MUGGER.  
...LET'S SCRAM.



SAY-MEBBE THAT  
KID WAS  
TALKIN'  
THROUGH  
HIS  
SKIMMER,  
LUMPY.

DON'T THINK SO.  
THEM SCHOOLS IS  
FULL OF RICH KIDS.  
IT'S  
OKAY.



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SATURDAY NIGHT... THE GYMNASIUM AT FARR M.A. IS SWARMING WITH THE MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR SCHOOL, ALL IN COSTUME AND ALL EXCITEDLY AWAITING THE OPENING OF THE HALLOWEEN FESTIVITIES..... FACULTY MEMBERS AND UPPER CLASSMEN CROWD THE GYM BALCONY TO WATCH THE FUN.



IN DICK'S ROOM...

Y'KNOW, SIMBA, I FEEL REAL DEVILISH TO NIGHT!

HURRY, DICK, IT'S NEARLY 8:30. AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES, YOU CAN'T BE LATE.



BARKLEY HALL'S YOUR ASSISTANT, ISN'T HE? NICE, FRIENDLY PAL. I DON'T THINK!

OH, HE'S OKAY. WE JUST DON'T QUITE SEE EYE TO EYE-YET.



AND IN BARK HALL'S ROOM- WELL, STEP ON IT, BETSY ROSS! THE PARTY BEGINS IN TEN MINUTES.

CONFOUND THIS TEAR! I CAN'T GO UNTIL I SEW IT UP!



NOW LOOK! I'VE SEWED BOTH SIDES TOGETHER! JED, YOU GO ON AND TELL PROF. POTTS I'LL BE THERE AS SOON AS I CAN.

OKAY, BARK.







- BUT, ABOUT THIS TIME, A CAR PARKS AT THE EDGE OF THE FARR M.A. GROUNDS, AND TWO FIGURES SLINK INTO THE DEEP SHADOWS, TO FURTIVELY ENCIRCLE THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS AND THEN REAPPEAR AT THE REAR OF FARR HALL.



FIVE MINUTES LATER











"IN HERE" LEADS TO THE TWO ROOMS OF MIGRAIN PLUTO BLUE, HANDY MAN AT FARR, AND AVID READER OF GHOST AND MYSTERY STORIES.

"SLOWLY THE DIM FORM DRIFTS OUT OF THE MIST TO HOVER MENACINGLY OVER THE SLEEPING GIRL. A CHILL, DANK—

WH—(GULP) WHO DAT AT MA DO'?

PLUTO, AH'S SHAMED O' YOU! IT'S DEM KIDS 'HALLOWEENIN' ME! AH'LL SKEER 'EM—

EEK!  
GAA!

MIGRAIN PLUTO BLUE BROKE ALL RECORDS FOR REVERSING FRONT—  
DEM GHOSTS AIN'T NO KIDS!..BE OPEN, DOAH!

AND CROSSING HIS ROOMS TO THE OTHER DOOR— WHERE—

LAWSY! SKELETOM!

AND THEN DICK PASSES, HARD ON HALL'S HEELS!  
HEBBER—  
SAVE ME! OLD NICK HISSELF!!

OH—OH! FEET TAKE ME FUM DIS PLACE! AI—OW!  
(GULP!) HYAH COME DEM GHOSSES!

GIT GOIN', MUGGER, WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!

QUIT SHOVIN'! MAKES ME NOIV-US!

—YE—E—E—E—E—



PLUTO'S SHRIEK BRINGS HALL UP SHARP.  
HE TURNS-AND-

NOW, I'VE  
GOT YOU!



WHAT'S THE IDEA? I'M  
BARKLEY HALL. WHO ARE YOU?

NOT NOW! THOSE "GHOSTS"  
WERE ROBBING  
THE SCHOOL  
SAFE! WE'VE  
GOT TO  
CATCH  
'EM!

DICK COLE! AND  
HALL, I'M GOING  
TO TEACH YOU—

YEA-UH? O-KAY!  
LET'S GO!



MEANWHILE,  
PLUTO, TAKING  
THREE FLIGHTS  
OF STAIRS IN  
NOTHING FLAT,  
REACHES THE  
GROUND FLOOR  
—AND OUT INTO  
THE NIGHT....  
CLOSE BEHIND  
HIM THE TWO  
"GHOSTS" FLEE  
THE SCENE.  
DICK AND  
BARKLEY RUSH  
DOWN AND  
OUT THE REAR  
DOOR —

THERE THEY GO!  
COME ON, HALL!



THE CHASE  
HEADS TOWARDS  
THE WIDOW SLATS' HOME  
WHICH ADJOINS THE GROUNDS  
OF FARR M.A.... ON THIS PARTICULAR  
NIGHT THE WIDOW IS HAVING A SEANCE.....

—AND NOW.... ALL LIGHTS WILL BE EXTINGUISHED,  
AND MADAME TSORNI WILL ENDEAVOR TO BRING  
US MY DEAR, DEPARTED HUSBAND, OLLIE... READY?  
LIGHTS OUT, MAUD.

YES-SUM,  
MISS SLATS—



AND NOT FAR OFF—

THAT HOUSE IS  
DARK. NOBODY  
HOME. WE'LL  
SNEAK IN THERE.

WE'VE LOST THE  
DARKEY. MR.  
DEVIL AN' MR. BONES  
AIN'T IN SIGHT, SO—  
NOW WOT, LUMPY?















SLAP THE JAP BY SAVING SCRAP!



# Edison BELL



COME ON, KIDS, LET'S DO OUR PART  
AND UPSET TOJO'S APPLE CART.



















THE DOOR IS SLAMMED AND LOCKED--





EDISON BELL'S

# LINOLEUM BLOCK PRINTING PRESS

THIS UNIQUE OUTFIT WILL MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU TO "ENGRAVE" AND PRINT YOUR OWN GREETING CARDS, BOOK NAME PLATES, AND SO FORTH.

REMEMBER THAT THE PRINT WILL BE THE REVERSE OF WHAT YOU CUT... SO MAKE ALL WORD, ETC., BACKWARDS!

By *Bill*

THIS SIMPLE ALL WOOD PRINTING PRESS WILL ENABLE YOU TO MAKE MANY PERFECT PRINTS IN SUCCESSION,

FASTEN THE BLOCK TO THE "PRESS" WITH SMALL, THIN NAILS.

INK ROLLER

INSERT PAPER OR CARD TO BE PRINTED INTO THE HOLDER AND BRING PRESS DOWN, TO INSURE A GOOD PRINT. PRESS PRINTER DOWN FIRMLY.

HOW TO CUT A LINOLEUM BLOCK.

THIN WOOD PAPER HOLDER CAN BE ADJUSTED TO THE PROPER SIZE.

BUY AN INEXPENSIVE INK ROLLER AND A BOTTLE OF THICK PRINTER'S INK. RUN THE INKED ROLLER OVER THE "CUT" BETWEEN EACH PRINTING!

SKETCH YOUR PICTURE IN PENCIL. MARK BLACK AND WHITE AREAS. FIRST CUT A 1/4 INCH BORDER AROUND THE BLOCK (FOR NAILING LATER) AND THEN GOUGE OUT ALL THE AREAS YOU WANT TO REMAIN WHITE. DO NOT CUT THE BLACK AREAS!



THE FINISHED CUT READY FOR PRINTING. ALL RAISED SURFACES WILL PRINT BLACK!

GATHER TOGETHER YOUR MATERIALS... A BLOCK OF THICK LINOLEUM AND A FEW SHARP GOUGES...



# KRISKO and JASPER..

by MILT HAMMER

HEY- TAKE IT EASY, TOSSIN' THOSE CANS- I ONNEEY GOT TWO HANDS- REMEMBER ??



BEANS, BEANS, THA'S ALL THERE IS- JIST BEANS !!!

IF'N I EAT ANY MORE OF THOSE- I'LL TURN INTO A BEANSTALK !!



PHOOEY-FERGIT THEM BEANS- LET'S LOOK 'ROUND TH' ISLAND FER SOME OTHER KIND OF CHOW !!

NOW, THA'S A VERY GOOD EYE-DEAR !!



PSSST, JASPER- I THINK I JIST HEARD A FUNNY SOUND- SHHHH !



















SAVING PAPER, EVERY SCRAP,  
WILL WIPE THE AXIS FROM THE MAP.



# PRIVATE MONEYBAGS

By William F. Haywood

IT was bound to happen sooner or later. It came when the roll was called at "boot camp" for the first time. The sergeant didn't hesitate when he called the name of Pvt. Brian Van Dyke, but a good many heads craned involuntarily to see who would respond.

The blond young Marine reddened right up to his hairline. At the exclusive college he had attended, it didn't matter so much if you were one of the wealthiest boys in the country, but in the Marine Corps—

Brian kept his head up until the order to dismiss, and then he bolted for the barracks. A couple of his mates came along a few minutes later, and while he surreptitiously searched through his duffel for something he didn't need, he could observe that they were watching him curiously.

It didn't take long, however, before the expected dislike for wealth showed up among the recruits. There had to be some when you throw a large number of boys from all parts of the country and all walks of life together in the melting pot of military service.

It was pretty tough on Brian for a while. Whenever the sergeant had a particularly nasty job, he somehow considered it just the thing to turn over to "Pvt. Moneybags." It is a rough life to be born into wealth if you intend to make your way in the world among those who have never seen much money outside of a bank. Brian had been forced to prove it before and he saw it would have to be done again in the Marines. He hoped it wouldn't be too long before he had an opportunity.

He thought the chance had come when one of his tormentors tricked him into an extra dose of guard duty. Brian knew it wasn't his turn and he could have proved his point to his superior officers, but he didn't want to make his position more untenable by "squealing." So he took the extra turn, anyway.

The boy behind the dirty work was a tough product of a rough-and-tumble existence, and

he came around to gloat over a Van Dyke doing guard duty for fifty a month. One word led to another and the rough-and-tumble took a hefty swing at the "upper class." He wound up sitting it out, because he walked into a very pretty left hook. Just when a captain was strolling by, too.

The incident was settled in leatherneck fashion—the two were matched in the camp ring that weekend. While the "tough guy" was out for revenge, Brian just wanted to show his buddies he was a "regular guy." It wasn't too hard because he had been intercollegiate boxing champion and the Marines were treated to an exhibition well worth watching. It ended when Van Dyke, tired of facing his too-eager opponent every time he lunged forward, stiffened him with a stinging uppercut that hardly any of the cheering leathernecks saw start.

Unfortunately the occurrence didn't seem to improve matters much. His buddies didn't pick on Pvt. Van Dyke after that but they were more aloof—"What can you say to a millionaire?" seemed to be the attitude.

Boot camp doesn't last forever, though, even if some Marines feel it does. And the young Marine was soon too engrossed in preparations for a sea journey to pay much attention to other matters.

They were a long time at sea, and when they landed they were on unfamiliar soil—a strange tropical island in the middle of a vast, silent sea. The name of the coral-fringed strand was unknown to most of the world when they landed but it has become an historical word. Pvt. Van Dyke was one of the last to go over the side into a landing barge—his sergeant was still treating him like a pampered child—but there was plenty of action when he got ashore. At first Brian was just as scared as any Marine with his first taste of battle, but true to the tradition of the corps, he didn't show it. Before long he was able to think about what he was doing and the skill he had shown on the firing range was put to good advantage.



The sergeant picked a group of men for the particularly dangerous mission of working inland up the bed of a dried-up stream to the enemy ammunition dump and Brian was quick to volunteer, but the sergeant would have none of him. Bitter and disappointed, he turned to with the group remaining on the beach and dug a foxhole in the burning sand.

The expedition didn't get going on schedule, though, as one of the men was wounded too severely to start. Brian had an idea. He went to the captain and explained it.

"The men have to be camouflaged like commandos, sir, with their faces all painted. I'd like to go along and if the sergeant doesn't recognize me I think he will take me."

The captain figured Van Dyke should get a chance and so Brian plastered himself generously with war paint and reported for duty. It worked, and soon the little band was sweating and crawling through the dense jungle growth that almost covered the bed of the stream, working inches at a time toward their goal, risking momentary discovery and with it, annihilation.

Van Dyke stuck close to the sergeant and a couple of times he even helped him out of some rough spots. In fact, if the sergeant had known who the man was who was sticking so near, he would have had quite a shock.

Suddenly they broke through into a clearing. There was a road leading down a slope to a low, rickety building that was camouflaged with branches so it could hardly be distinguished. There were Jap guards posted around the clearing, indicating this must be the ammunition store. At the top of the slope a truck was parked.

The sergeant explained his idea to the men, and because he was in command they agreed to it, although they didn't like it. He proposed to run the Jap truck down the slope into the dump while they covered him by picking off the guards.

The sergeant didn't reach the truck. A guard spotted him almost as soon as he slipped out

of the jungle, and while the Marines opened a strong covering fire, he was wounded. One of the Marines jumped to his assistance. It was Van Dyke. He pulled the sergeant back into the comparative safety of the jungle and then, before he could be stopped, sprinted for the Jap vehicle. He made the driver's seat, released the brake, then jumped aside as the truck started down the grade, gaining momentum as it went. The Marines didn't wait to see what would happen as the Japs were coming up the hill in large numbers and fanning out into the jungle. Van Dyke lifted the sergeant to his shoulders and stumbled into the jungle with him, while the others kept up an accurate, but skimpy fire into the enemy charging after them.

It was an agonizing struggle to win their way back to the beach but the little group of Marines made it. Some of them didn't get back, but a few did and they were rewarded when they felt the ground tremble under their burning feet and heard a heavy rumble as the ammunition dump exploded behind them. As they staggered on to the beach a company of Marines met them and gave a hot reception to the Japs who were on their heels. Brian Van Dyke was tired, dead tired, when he lowered the sergeant into the waiting hands of the medical corpsmen. The sergeant was trying to thank him and find out who he was, but he couldn't speak.

A few days later, though, when the island had been won and the sergeant was on the road to recovery from his wounds, he sought out the captain.

"I'd like to find out who that Marine was who brought me back from the jungle, sir," he said. "He was one tough Marine!"

"Well," laughed the captain, "you asked for it! That tough Marine was your old friend, Pvt. Moneybags!"

The sergeant was a good Marine, too. He knew when he was wrong. He looked up Brian and told him what was on his mind. And do you know, the sergeant has been taking boxing lessons from Van Dyke? Seems he has offered to knock the block off any Marine who calls Brian "Pvt. Moneybags!"



# BLUE BOLT

## THE AMERICAN



MYSTERIOUS PLANE CRASHES SEND LT. BLUE BOLT HOME ON A SPECIAL MISSION. A BREATH-TAKING CHASE FOR THE MOST CUNNING SABOTEUR HE HAD YET TO ENCOUNTER!

TOM GILL

WHILE BLUE BOLT AND CHARLEY LAND A HUNDRED MILES FROM AN IMPORTANT TEXAS AIR BASE, TWO PILOTS PARACHUTE TO SAFETY...



JUST GOT OUT OF THAT HOT BOX IN TIME.

I WAS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC WHEN THEY SENT FOR ME. UNDERSTAND IT'S URGENT.

IT IS, FIVE OF OUR PLANES MAKING TEST FLIGHTS EXPLODED. TWO PILOTS WERE SAVED, BUT WE CAN'T FIND WHY THESE PLANES BLEW UP.

MOTORS WERE INSPECTED BEFORE EVERY TAKE-OFF AND REPORTED IN ORDER. YET, THE PLANES EXPLODED. HERE ARE THE REPORTS, LIEUTENANT.



LATER AT THE TEXAS BASE...



ALL THE TIN THAT YOU CAN SAVE  
WILL DIG THE JAP A DEEPER GRAVE.

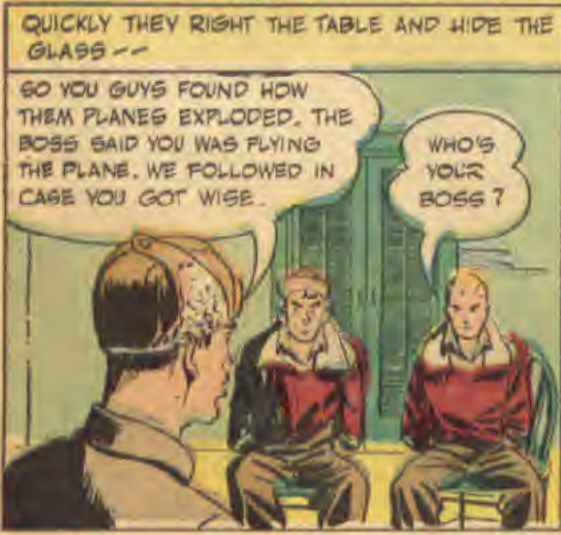
















GUESS  
AGAIN,  
CHUM!



BOY, AND  
HERE'S ANOTHER  
ONE!



WHO'S  
YOUR  
BOSS?  
TALK!

WE NEVER SAW  
HIM WITHOUT A  
MASK... THAT'S  
THE TRUTH,  
HONEST!

O.K.  
WE'RE  
FLYING YOU  
BACK TO THE  
BASE WITH US.



...AND WE DON'T  
KNOW WHO'S IN  
BACK OF THAT  
SABOTAGE.

BET IT'S  
THAT GUM-  
CHewing PILOT,  
STEVE DRAKE.

NO WONDER  
WE COULDN'T  
DISCOVER THE  
SABOTAGE  
METHOD!

THE FLYING DUO DESCRIBES THE STARTLING  
EVENTS!



I'M NOT SO SURE  
IT'S STEVE. WE'D  
BETTER QUESTION  
HIM, THOUGH...

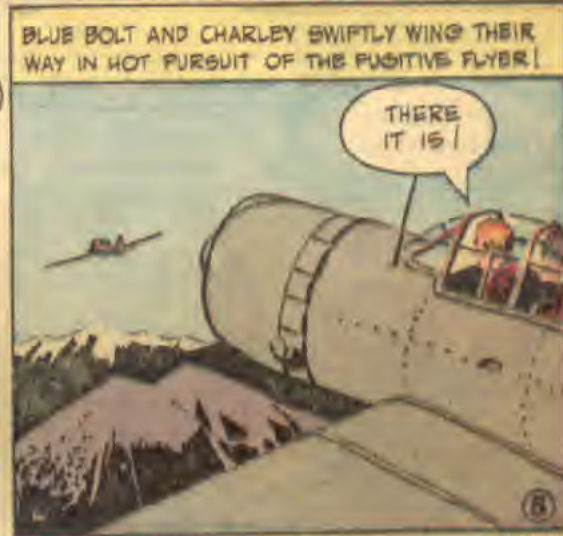
SEND  
STEVE DRAKE  
IN AT  
ONCE...



DRAKE!...  
I SAW HIM  
TAKE OFF IN X-24  
JUST NOW... DIDN'T  
HE HAVE  
ORDERS?

HOLY  
SMOKE!  
HE GOT  
AWAY!

C'MON!



BLUE BOLT AND CHARLEY SWIFTLY WING THEIR  
WAY IN HOT PURSUIT OF THE FUGITIVE FLYER!

THERE  
IT IS!

Who or what is "the flying duo" mentioned in fourth picture?

QUESTION  
No 14.



AS BLUE BOLT SPEEDS NEARER...



HE'S  
FIRING  
AT US!

THIS  
CALLS  
FOR AN  
ANSWER!

THE PLANES ROAR AND  
SPATTER IN FURIOUS  
DOG FIGHT.

THERE'S  
SOMEONE ELSE  
WITH HIM!

THEN HE'S THE  
ONE I WANT!  
HOLD YOUR  
FIRE!



A SWIFT SECOND LATER, BLUE  
BOLT SHOOTS-- STRAIGHT  
TO HIS TARGET!

YOU  
GOT  
HIM!

NOW, IF STEVE'S  
INNOCENT, HE'LL  
LAND!



I CONFESS.

I'M A PAID--  
SABOTEUR. WHEN  
YOU BROUGHT BACK  
MY MEN AS PRISON-  
ERS, I WAS AFRAID.  
I FAKED THE CALL--  
TO MAKE STEVE LOOK  
GUILTY-- BUT YOU,  
BLUE BOLT--  
RUINED MY--



HE'S  
GOING  
DOWN!

THAT'S WHAT I  
THOUGHT, CHARLEY...  
HE WAS JUST AN  
INNOCENT VICTIM...  
WE'RE GOING  
DOWN!

BLUE BOLT AND CHARLEY  
SOON HAVE DRAKE IN TOW.

I GOT A CALL FROM THE  
COL. TO TAKE UP A PLANE.  
WHEN I GOT IN, HE WAS  
THERE-- GUN IN  
HAND...



IT'S  
SMITH!...  
HE'S  
STILL  
ALIVE!...



THAT FINISHED  
HIS SABOTAGE.

I DIDN'T THINK  
YOU WERE GUILTY-- OR  
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE  
CALLED ATTENTION  
TO YOURSELF-- BY  
CHewing GUM!

THE NEXT MORNING...

HOW  
WAS IT?

GREAT! THAT SUPER-  
SPEED INVENTION BROKE  
ALL RECORDS!



THANKS TO  
YOU, BLUE  
BOLT!

ENEMY GENERALS, DON'T LOOK NOW.  
YOUR SHOW IS SLIPPING. YES, AND NOW!



# FEARLESS FELLERS

BY  
JOE DONATTO



SHOW THE RASCALS THEY CAN'T WIN  
BY SAVING PAPER, FAT AND TIN.











THE DOOR IS SLAMMED AND LOCKED--



EDDIE DROPS THE HOOK JUST AS THE POLICE BREAK IN!



AND THE ENTIRE GANG IS ROUNDED UP WITHOUT ANOTHER SHOT.



NOW, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?



INCIDENTALLY, THERE'S A \$1000 REWARD FOR BARNES'S CAPTURE!



BUT YOU ARE LIABLE FOR A HUGE FINE FOR COUNTERFEITING EVEN THOUGH YOU DID IT INNOCENTLY!



YOU CAN MAKE THE THIRD COLUMBUS' SHIP MODEL!



EDDIE BELL SHOWS YOU HOW TO MAKE A LINOLEUM BLOCK PRINT ON THE NEXT PAGE -- BUT REMEMBER, NO RATION STAMPS!







An important  
message to the  
BOYS and GIRLS  
of AMERICA!

from  
**GENERAL  
ARNOLD**

COMMANDING GENERAL  
U. S. ARMY  
AIR FORCES



## WAR DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

We of the armed forces urge every young man and woman of pre-military age who has been filling a summer war job to return to school this autumn. Such work is important, but your education has top priority. You will serve your country best by making the most of your education opportunities, for this is not only a brave man's war--it is also a smart man's war.

If you plan to enter military service, you will find that a good education offers the best assurance of progress and recognition. In all branches of service, we need trained leaders, engineers, scientists and specialists. And in the years to follow victory we will need them even more, as our nation charts its progress in the post-war world.



*H. H. Arnold*  
H. H. ARNOLD,  
General, U. S. Army,

Commanding General, Army Air Forces.



# OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES



THERE'S A BOAT, JOEY, A TINY BOAT, THAT'S DOING A GIANT-SIZE JOB FOR OUR NAVY • IT'S THE YARD PATROL BOAT, KNOWN TO THE BOYS IN THE SERVICE AS THE "YIPPEE" • • •

--AND A DANGEROUS ONE-- NO TELLING WHAT THE JAPS WILL BE UP TO •

I'LL GET MY CREW TOGETHER AT ONCE, SIR • WE'LL DO OUR BEST •

THE YIPPEE'S GOING OUT AGAIN • GUADALCANAL • SOME JAUNT FOR AN EX-FISHING BOAT!

10 BUCKS SAY SHE CAN'T MAKE IT!

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC • • •



OUR LUNGA POINT AIRPORT IN GUADALCANAL NEEDS GASOLINE • IT'S A JOB FOR YOUR "CHALLENGER" • •



HERE'S \$10 THAT SAYS THE "CHALLENGER" MAKES IT • HOLD THE STAKES, LEATHERNECK •

LIEUTENANT... CALHOUN...!

ENEMY GENERALS, DON'T LOOK NOW.  
YOUR SHOW IS SLIPPING. YES, AND HOW!





ANCHORS AWEIGH! THE PLUCKY LITTLE BOAT BOUNDS ON THE SEA, UNMOLESTED. NIGHTFALL, AND SHE NEARS GUADALCANAL, WHEN SUDDENLY A SHOUT ARISES...



IT'S A JAP TASK FORCE BOMBARDING THE BEACH!

AND WE'RE ONLY ARMED WITH 6-POUNDER ANTI-AIRCRAFT.

WE'LL HAVE TO PUT TO SEA AGAIN UNTIL THE NIPS GO.

STAND BY TO GO ABOUT... FULL AHEAD!

AS THE 'CHALLENGER' RACES AWAY...



THEY'VE SPOTTED US.

NOT FOR LONG -- HARD TO PORT!

SWIFTLY, SHARPLY, THE 'CHALLENGER' SWERVES...



MISSED!

BOAT THERE MINUTE AGO!

SEARCHLIGHTS AGAIN AND AGAIN PICK OUT THE TINY CRAFT, FIND THEIR RANGE, BUT...



BOY, WE'RE GIVING THEM THE RUN-AROUND!

MAY BE GHOST SHIP...

FINALLY...



THEY'VE STOPPED FIRING.

NO WONDER! LOOK!...







IN A SPLIT SECOND THE "CHALLENGER" TURNS • • •



SWIFT SECONDS LATER • • •



THE  
"CHALLENGER"  
PROUDLY  
SAILES INTO  
PORT - -  
AND A BADLY  
NEEDED  
GASOLINE  
SUPPLY IS  
SOON TANKED  
INTO AMERICAN  
FIGHTING PLANES.  
BUT THE  
"CHALLENGER'S"  
JOB THAT DAY  
ISN'T DONE YET!



**SLAP THE JAP BY SAVING SCRAP!**



# SERGEANT SPOOK



OVER 6000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL, IN THE BLACK HILLS SECTION OF S. DAKOTA, IS THE FAMOUS SCULPTURED GROUP OF FOUR GREAT PRESIDENTS.

BEGUN IN 1927 BY GUTSON BORGLUM, THE GROUP WAS JUST RECENTLY COMPLETED. THE FACES ARE NEARLY 700 FEET HIGH!

JERRY IS SPENDING THE NIGHT WITH HIS FRIEND, PUD... BUT BEFORE TURNING IN, THE BOYS BECOME ENGROSSSED IN A BIG ILLUSTRATED BOOK "WONDERS OF AMERICA"

BOY! LOOK AT THIS SHOT OF THE GRAND COULEE DAM- JUST THINK, IT'S 4100 FEET LONG!



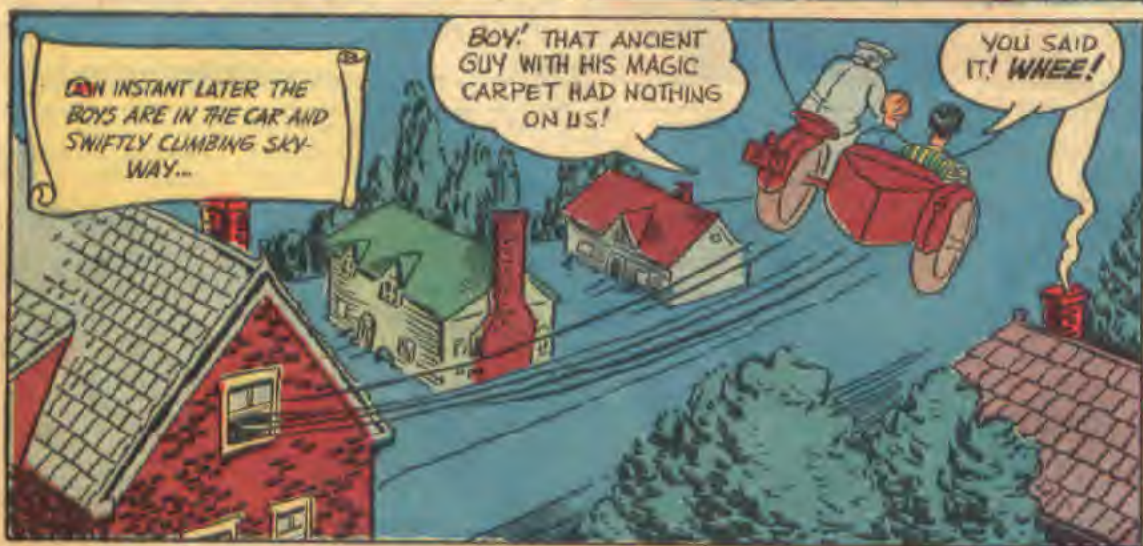
THAT'S A SWELL ENGINEERING JOB ALL RIGHT, BUT WHAT I LIKE BEST OF ALL IS THAT MT RUSHMORE MEMORIAL!

THAT MAN, BORGLUM, MUST HAVE WORN OUT A FLOCK OF CHISELS!



DON'T EVER DOUBT IT. THE STAMPS YOU BUY WILL SWEEP THE AXIS FROM THE SKY.













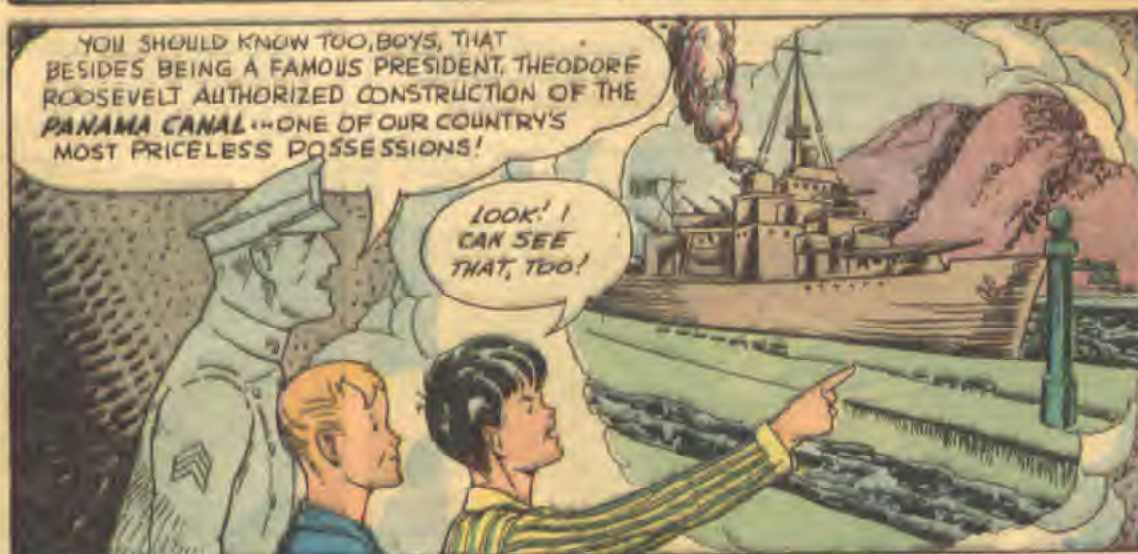




FROM THE EYES OF THE CIVIL WAR PRESIDENT, THE BOYS SEE THE DEDICATION CEREMONIES AT THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, PA., NOVEMBER 1863! MR. LINCOLN IS SPEAKING...















SAVE TIN AND PAPER, WOOD AND SCRAP,  
HELP SWEEP THE ENEMY OFF THE MAP.





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